1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

512 the horizon. There is no chanting as in the villages of the Xingu, no whistling, no marching to the river for an early bath. There is no conversation, no motion. After a while a dog may sit up and watch the world as silently as his master. More and more of the recumbent figures sit up; some old man becomes busily engaged in making string; a woman gives suck to a baby; others rise, and, walking with heads [372] high, chests thrust forward, go toward the bushes, to reappear soon with armfuls of wood and quickly start fires with their laurelwood fire drills. Soon everyone is sitting up, and the cheesecloth tents disappear. A few women huddle around the fires.

It is only when the wind resumes its violent blowing that the camp is stirred into activity. The chilliness of the night is forgotten, reverential thoughts are discarded. The vulgar stomach, however, is remembered. Preparations are made to take care of its daily needs. Bows and arrows are examined. A harpoon arrow for turtles and crocodiles, a fish arrow, a gourd, and if the hunter possesses one, a knife, comprise the equipment. Then the men go to their canoes two by two, though a young boy may be taken along to make three. He too must learn to satisfy the daily craving of his inner machinery. The hunters paddle away upstream and disappear around the bend of the river.

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512 222 462 The women prepare for their own voyages. Sometimes they accompany the men, sometimes they go alone in a canoe or go inland. They carry baskets on their backs suspended from the forehead by a strap. Each woman carries a digging stick. Little girls accompany them, with their little baskets and their own digging sticks, in imitation of the grown-ups. Some women carry babies astride the hip, feeding at the large full breasts. Naked but for a loin covering, with hair falling down their backs, they seem to fit the wild landscape. Some may wear a camisole, but that is only a thin veil, and their bodies are seen underneath. The loin covering is tied at the back, and, as they walk with chests thrown forward and high, resembles a huge tail rolled under the camisole. Their smooth-skinned ape appearance is graceful but amusing; the naked ones fit the picture better.

291

512 461 At camp are left only the old people and some young ones who are too lazy to go out or have been hunting hard and need a rest. They are soon busy fixing bows and arrows, making string, carving ornaments, weaving basketry, taking care of very young children. There is very little talking and no fussing. They almost ignore each other. Those who stay at home will wait patiently for their dinner. They will watch the sun climb the heavens, and they will move from one side of the branches to the other to keep in the shade. Beaten by the wind which by noon blows a gale, bombarded by

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

grains of sand, they wait patiently and quietly, though hungry. They seek no shelter from the wind, preferring it to the myriads of insects lurking in any sheltered spot. And then, too, it is cool in the wind, terrifically hot away from it.

About midafternoon the hunters and food gatherers straggle in. They bring small crocodiles and turtles, crocodile eggs, turtle eggs, perhaps some honey; and the women return with full baskets containing changuango, a wild root that they have dug up in the savanna. They, too, may bring turtle eggs. Not always, of course. The men and the women may return with empty hands and empty baskets. In any event there is no boisterous reception, but the same silence, the same quiet acceptance of the day and what it brings as they have shown at its beginning. Fires are built larger, the women roast the roots, the men help with the turtles and the crocodiles. These are placed whole on the fire until the shells are toasted and then they are cracked open. Wives become busy delousing their husbands, using a carved stick to help in the search. Sometimes the lice are picked and eaten. But the bodies of the men are covered with numerous black blisters, showing that they have suffered the daily torment from the insects. The wife crushes all of these blisters with the same delousing tool.

Dinner is a gala time. Calabash dishes containing the various courses are placed in the center of the ring formed by each family. The food is picked up and carried to the mouth with the fingers. There are crocodile eggs. These are opened and the contents are sucked up raw. The same is done with the turtle eggs. There is the course of roasted changuango, and the pieces of turtle meat. But the real delicacy is crocodile, the best meat of all. The crocodile is eaten in its entirety, except for the entrails, and when the dinner is over some of it is left by the fire, an open invitation to anyone to fill any empty portion of his stomach. The stomachs become distended as tremendous quantities of food are swallowed. This is the only real meal of the day, and the fear of a dinnerless tomorrow drives the eaters to exceptional feats of gourmandizing until their bodies can hold no more. The lean dogs fight among themselves over the refuse heaps. The vultures glide overhead or are busy at crocodile entrails.

There is no after dinner work—no kitchen or table ware to wash, nothing to spoil the proper enjoyment of a full stomach. They eat until they have had enough, and then they move to the east of the fires to lie on the clean sands and watch the sun hide beneath the western horizon. For about half an hour they watch the ever-changing colorful western sky and when rays of light emanate from below the horizon to streak the heavens with blue and gold and white, they

also inhibits any such development because it forces the immediate distribution of most of the meat of the slaughtered pig or captured game. There is no constantly or repeatedly stored supply to be supervised or allocated. In fact swine and windfall game, properly considered, correspond to the small oscillations of the manioc supply and are totally different from the regularly occurring massive incidence of food sources like buffalo herds, salmon runs, and wheat harvests of temperate climates or crab runs in the tropical Orinoco delta of Venezuela.[21]. Of all the food resources, the only one with a marked harvest surplus is corn. The significance of even this harvest surplus is reduced by a) the smallness of the quanta involved relative to the total food supply, and b) the fact that there are two corn seasons, one beginning in June, one about the beginning of February. Temporary harvest surpluses of corn may, however, contribute slightly to the enhanced prestige of those individuals who by their own will and work have been most productive.[22] They say with appreciation, "He is a hard worker", but the prestige is relevant only to the sphere in which it is gained. It does not necessarily give him prestige in some other spheres of cultural life, such as, for example, the ceremonial or decision-making activities.

In taking an overall view of the food resources, it will be noted that there are no clear harvest surpluses, and that the oscillations in supply, which are in truth minute and momentary harvest surpluses, are so small and irregular and varied in location as to be insignificant determiners of managerial functions. At most one might expect the harvest surplus of corn to elicit some small allocative function, generally none. Storage, too, in this case, is not a technique requiring administration as with wheat in grain elevators. It would in fact be better to consider this kind of storage as a steady presence of food rather than as storage at all, even though it functions as such.

The extra labor requirements of these small upward oscillations of the harvest surplus are likewise, in general, indistinguishable from regular labor requirements and are easily absorbed by individual workers. Or a worker may take along a child, who goes as much for the fun of being with his father or grandfather, but nevertheless carries back some produce. This type of situation is in sharp contrast with, say, the labor requirements of a large harvest surplus like the wheat crop in the United States which demands a large amount of labor quickly and temporarily. Such a harvest surplus entails a number of organizational problems foreign to the harvest oscillations.

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[21] Personal communication from Johannes Wilbert who has done extensive fieldwork with the Warrau in the Amacuro Delta of the Orinoco River.

[22] Yaruro individuals differ in productivity not only because of inborn qualities such as strength and native abilities, but also by choice based on tastes. Some do not like to grow corn, others do not like to grow pigs, others still prefer to hunt or trade. The food quanta produced by these several activities vary greatly. The individual may exercise these choices in a cultural setting where any such choice benefits the community. All produce eventually finds its way into the community at large through the distribution mechanism. The person is not acting as an individualist regardless of the interest of others, but at his own optimum, given his unique person, in the community as a whole. Cf Fn 5 *supra*.

4: Leeds E-5 (1958) 1960 SS19 Yaruro SS19

462

make it usable. The need to eat makes woman's work more or less continuous, while the nature of production does not make man's work continuous. As long as there is food in the village, the man may rest, help his wife, or engage in non-food production such as canoe-making, as he chooses. [461]

Objects used by men are men's property and are inherited by the men; objects used by women are women's property and are inherited in the women's line. Immovable property such as gardens and houses are said to be inherited by the decedent's children of both sexes. Male animals such as boars and dogs, are owned by men, the females by women. Thus the division of property is as sharp as the division of labor, a fact reflected throughout the ideology. 428 [422] [231]

No two producers produce the same quantity or inventory of goods, especially as each has great freedom to concentrate in the productive activities he prefers to the exclusion of others. Yet each producer contributes to household and community in what is felt to be equivalent value since most foods are considered good and of equal worth. Each household producing unit distributes supplies of raw or cooked foods to other households along the lines of coresidence and kinship. In this way, all villagers, as consumers, receive the same total amount of food and no one goes without. Thus all persons and households in the community are equivalent as producers, distributers, and consumers. All are tied together in a loosely formalized network of coordinate reciprocal exchanges and obligations in which scales of value are not necessary, since each person contributes approximately equally of all values. In this situation, accumulation of wealth by individuals is out of the question and management of production or of wealth distribution is unnecessary. Consequently, there are no economic status differentiations and no effective leadership among the Yaruro. 433 592 621 [435] [556] [554] [622]

Similarly, no purely social differentiations based on status ranking occur in Yaruro society, except by casual deference to those of age and experience like shamans and village spokesmen, called 'capitans'. The status of women is coordinate with that of men. The complementary and coordinate units, a man and a woman, combine into a series of coordinate but semi-autonomous units, the households. A group of these constitute the Yaruro social unit, the neither endogamous nor exogamous (Murdock's "agamous") village. All these units are tied together by links of bilaterally traced kinship, with coordinate relations on both sides, the ultimate tie being the reciprocal marriage of cross-cousins. Marriage is ideally matrilocal, and occurs most frequently within the village. As a consequence, the most immediate kinship ties in the village are matrilateral, whereas kinship among the men is more diffuse. The villages themselves are tied together by kinship ties, real or imputed, as well as by marriage and visiting, but by no other ties of an all-tribal nature. People who are known to any particular village —to 'us'— are considered part of our village's family, since their kinship ties to our members can be discovered or invented freely. Persons recognized as being of our linguistic and cultural stock will be included under the general term *pumé*, but may not be considered 'of our family' unless the kinship ties are recognized. Thus there is a Yaruro people, but no Yaruro tribal unit. Even the persons included in 'our family' do not constitute a unit, since there are no cross village unifying institutions other than real or imputed bilateral kinship ties. Even these vary from 554 621 [562] [592] 621 [612] [602] [619] [612]